



SATURDAY... JANUARY 14, 1905

GOD IS CALLING.

God is calling! Are ye ready? Ready, brothers, for the fight! Hark! the cry of drunkard's children, women trampled in your sight! Oh! be swift, my brothers—answer: "We will battle for the right!"

See the little feet so feeble! See the eyes whose tears will flow! See the little arms, uplifted, plead for help, yet tremble so!

Hearts of faithful men! ye cannot spurn that bitter cry of woe!

Oh! be swift! The days are passing; soon will end our working day; Onward comes a crowd of children, laughing merrily at play; And before them lies the danger; they must pass it on their way.

They are growing men and women—can we guard them from it still? Oh, my sisters, save the children; ye can save them from this ill; Be ye feet swift and your hearts brave, and as true as steel your will.

As I read of One Who loves us, in my heart I hear this plea: "As ye do to these, My children, ye are doing it to Me." As ye die to bring us freedom, let us try to make men free!

Hearts of faithful men! before you lies a hard and weary strife; Dark the way is, and the roadway is with rocks and thorns so rife; Yet the battle gained will mean for all a higher, truer life.

God is calling! Answer gladly: "We are ready to obey!" From far off our eyes can see at last the dust of battle fray; Oh, be glad each soul, rejoicing in the dawn of the day.

—National Advocate.

FENCE AND SERPENT.

A Temperance Sermon from a Text from the Book of Ecclesiastes.

The writer of the book which we call Ecclesiastes, said in his own pithy and sententious way long ago, that "Whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him;" but the word in the original appears to refer to a stone wall rather than a planted boundary, as our revisers signify by a new rendering. What is in the mind of the moralist is that the man who secretly breaks down or removes the landmark between himself and his neighbor is likely to find that this same stone-pile has become the refuge of some creature with avenging fangs and swift-darting venom, so that in the very act of his transgression the evil-doer is struck by a deserved chastisement, says the Chicago Interior. The fact which was observed by the inspired writer is one often overlooked by the modern moralist, nevertheless it is true that it costs a man effort to do wrong. Not only does the saint have to fight against his better nature and his active conscience. When some one asked Charles Lamb how he came to be such a slave to tobacco, he frankly replied that he "tolled after it as some men after virtue." Instead of being an unlucky "mistake," the first step in a criminal course is very likely to be a painful climb. The boy is not always frightened into his first lie; he deliberately shapes and fashions it and presents it with "malice pretense" to his parents. He does not fall off a stone wall; he breaks through it.

But while there is a fence around every sin, one can throw it down. It is not a Sierra. It is not an Ehrenbreitstein laughing at guns of every caliber with an equal contempt. The boy who will drink must fight down his scruples, but he can overcome them. The young employee who is tempted to "take a flyer" in the stock market or the wheat pit will know more from one wakeful hour and fitful dream over his beginnings of speculation, but steal he can if he will.

Only out of his experience will shoot forth his own punishment. Each sin brings forth its own peculiar penalty, like a serpent shooting out unexpectedly from a broken wall. Lying does not beget a headache, but more lying. Drink creates thirst and punishes itself with drinking. Licentiousness defiles the body and rots it. Everyone of God's fences hides within itself its silent but sure avenger. People who are looking for evidences of a moral ruler of the universe might well pause and study such facts as were obvious to the wise man of 3,000 years ago, and which are not less obvious to one with eyes to see in our own day.

"Go on in your deliberately chosen path," says the Preacher of the Old Testament, "but remember that for all these things God will bring you into judgment." The young men who have been brought up in these Christian homes about us do not slip into sin; they break into wrong-doing. It is not natural, it is not easy for them to cast off the restraints of piety and faith, nor is it safe. The penalty is not remote but near, not arbitrary but imperative, not falling out of a clear sky but darting from the very center and shadow of the sin itself. This is a study in psychology which we commend to those who would deal with facts which have a real reference to practical life.

Two Misses. When ladies meet and wish to greet Each other with a kiss, Those hats immense make such defense 'Tis five to one they miss. —Brooklyn Eagle.

Pretty Low. Ethel—She told me that she couldn't go to the ball, because she had positively nothing to wear. But she went. Gladys—Yes, and her remark to you was pretty close to the truth. —Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

TRUE SPIRIT OF THE DAY.

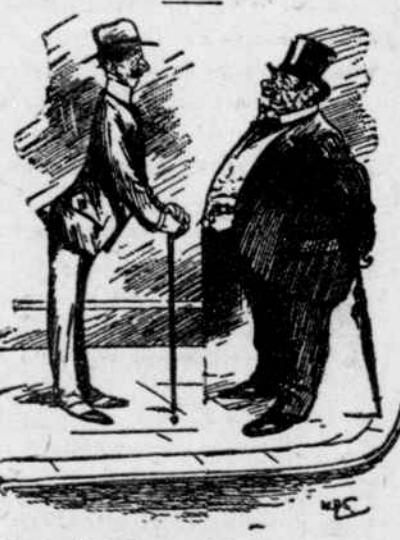
How Thanksgiving Day Should Find Expression Within the Heart of Man.

As we have noted elsewhere, our Thanksgiving day is not essentially or even distinctively a New England—much less a Puritan—festival. There were Thanksgivings before Governor Bradford's time, as there have been ever since, and as there will be till time shall cease to be. And when we turn to the Sacred Book, is it not sometimes more than a bald fact that Praise and Love and Heaven claim preeminence in Biblical treatment over other subjects, except, indeed, God, His Spirit and Christ? And how closely correlated is love with praise, and what is thanksgiving but the praise of the Divine Being for His boundless mercies? So we are confronted at the outset with the fact that first and preeminent is Thanksgiving a religious service—there is no true thanksgiving without recognition of an overshadowing Providence. For, if we have abundant harvest; if ours is a land of peace and plenty; if everyone enjoys freedom here that in its completed sense is not enjoyed anywhere else in the wide world as here; if we have free schools, and not only have them for ourselves, but have influenced other nations—and notably Great Britain—in solving their own educational problems; if the humanities are being developed as never before; if we have waged the wars that have unwillingly come to us in a very different spirit from that in which Joshua fought, who thought he was serving a God of infinite tenderness and love in slaying the young and putting the mothers to the sword—if all these blessings have come to us and we are freed from pestilence, whom shall we thank but the Giver of all good?

Hence it is, then, that we would press home upon all observers of this festival the difference between being thankful and being glad. A man may be glad because he has won his friend's money at a gambling game; he may rejoice that he has avenged himself upon some one whom he regards as his enemy; but thankful he cannot truly be. As nature is all unselfish save as we regard a supreme beneficent intelligence behind her, so the good things that come into our lives and into the national life of our country are meaningless save as they are traced back to the hand and heart of God. Did God create man and give him an immortal soul, and having accomplished that cease to care for him? Did the Almighty lead the Israelites through the waters; did He establish them into a nation; did He give them prophets who should in rapt vision tell of a Messiah whose reign should be everlasting; did He tell of a people redeemed from the bondage of captivity, and from the most dreadful of all captivities—that of sin; did He do all this and more, and has He no pity, no love, no prophecy, no promise for the teeming millions of these United States, with its hundred thousand of church spires pointing heavenward, and telling of the worship of the one true God—whatever may be the denominational polity of the sectarian cult?

We have taken this line of thought at the present time, says the Christian Work, because other lines will be pursued by others as they meditate or write the Thanksgiving essay or preach the Thanksgiving sermon. That is to say, we shall be told what a wonderful country we have; how many we can feed; how great and strong we are; what an enormous population we have; how many miles of railroad we have; how our trouble lines have been extended though probably nothing will be said of our indifference to human life and the victims sacrificed yearly to electricity and steam. So it is at this time we would emphasize the religious aspect of our Thanksgiving festival. Good cheer, even athletics and other phases of outdoor sports, have come, and they will remain. None the less, but all the more, should we at least devote a portion of the festival to the recalling of our blessings, and to recognizing the hand of the Divine Author and Creator to Whom we owe them all. In this way alone can our festival truly deserve its "Thanksgiving" title—in this way alone can the day be made as helpful in the religious life as it is full of joy and happiness on its social side, when the aged grandparents, the father and mother, the children, some with children of their own, assemble in the old homestead, recall the old memories, with faces now vanished and voices now stilled, and the love light is seen in the eyes, and the love greeting is received as it is sure to be every Thanksgiving day as the years go by.

THEN THE STORM BROKE.



Uncle (to Fred, who has expectations, but is very absent-minded)—And so you don't fancy the looks of your new clerk? Fred—No. Funny thing, I never could take to a man with a hooked nose! And then Fred wondered why his uncle was mad.—Ailly Sloper.

Failure. Mr. Blabb—How beautiful these autumn leaves look on the grass! Mrs. Blabb—No, Josiah! You can't work that again this year. I expect you to rake those leaves up at once. —Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A PROLIFIC WEED.

Something About the Galinsoga Parviflora and How It Has Spread Westward.

About one year ago I mentioned the advent of a weed which very suddenly occupied the whole of the eastern south and already, within a year or very little more, had to some extent shared a large tract not only of uncultivated grass and clover fields, but of waste lands. It is known as Galinsoga parviflora, and is not wholly to be considered as a cumber of the land, along with other weeds, but as a useful forage plant, far more valuable than the majority of plants classed as weeds. The present appearance of this weed in the west, in nearly all the large cities, in which it occupies the roadsides and a large part of the cultivated



land, as well as the gardens of the cities, is an interesting fact in connection with the subject of weeds, and the several ways in which they spread far and wide; in this instance thousands of miles in as few as five years from its first appearance near Charleston, S. C.

I am reminded of the circumstance by a note from a subscriber to this paper, asking for seed of the plant for the purpose of sowing (mixed with grass seeds) for making a pasture. I am rather disinclined to aid in spreading such a hardy and prolific weed as this for obvious reasons; but in this instance would do so were it not that the plant is abundant all over the neighborhood where the applicant lives, writes a correspondent in the Country Gentleman. The plant is easily recognized by its low growth, much similar to that of clover, and by its small white flowers.

This Galinsoga is an interesting example of the amazingly rapid spread of weeds, and of the carelessness which should be exercised in regard to the introduction of similar plants, which may bring inconvenience—to say the least—to thousands of persons. My mention of the plant and its history was not given as any recommendation of it for a fodder plant, but merely in the interest of general knowledge. Considering how many of our worst weeds were introduced in very simple, but thoughtless ways, and how justly the public execrates the memory of the persons implicated in the mischief, all concerned should, I think, be slow to spread any plant, out of mere curiosity the injurious character of which may in after years make his name disagreeably notorious. Still, while this Galinsoga may cause waste of labor and some apprehension by its prolific habit, it is not so bad as the large majority of weeds, and in some circumstances may be turned to profitable uses. But it is a weed and hence not to be made a friend and companion of.

FARM NOTES.

Note the changes you intended to make for next winter. Have all the live stock ready for market before you market it.

The appearance of things about the house is the first that attracts attention, good or bad.

See that all necessary repairs are made, not only upon the home buildings, but upon the outbuildings also. Winter is coming.

A cheery, comfortable family room and plenty of good things to read robs winter of about all of its terrors, cements family ties and lays a foundation for pleasant memories in after life.

If those March and April pigs had clover and peas to run through the summer they are now just about ready for a corn diet.—American Tribune.

Estimating the Profits.

The profits of a farm are usually more than the actual cash received for produce. The farmer takes his living expenses, as well as the cost of production, before he decides upon the amount of profit. The merchant takes only the difference between the buying and the selling price, less the cost of the transaction, then lives on the profit. The question of "Does the farm pay?" depends largely upon what is taken from it other than the cash received.—Midland Farmer.

REAL CRUSOES LIVE IN ISLAND PARADISE.

Long Lost Sailors Enjoying Existence with South Sea Island Natives.

Sydney, New Zealand.—After having been given up for lost, the eight missing men of the British steamer Aigburth, which was wrecked last July on an uncharted rock midway between New Guinea and New Britain, arrived at Brisbane safe and sound, on board the German steamship Prinz Sigismund.

The men who landed had experiences such as seldom fall to the lot of shipwrecked mariners. After a tempestuous voyage they ran their boat ashore at Aramit Island, and to their surprise were received with the greatest hospitality by the natives, who provided them with the best food and shelter they could afford.

So amicable became the relations between the castaways and the islanders that the latter entreated their friends to stay with them for good. Eventually a passing sloop anchored off the island and offered to take the whites on board, according to the captain, several of the Aigburth's crew required much persuasion before they would consent to leave, and the natives only allowed them to depart with the greatest reluctance.

tuctance. Some of the other castaways fared less agreeably. The chief officer's boat sighted an island, and the men went ashore to fill their water cask, only to be confronted with a mob of savages in full war paint, armed with spears and clubs. One of the crew flourished an empty revolver, and eventually the party got away unharmed.

OFFICER BUILDS FIRE AROUND SUBORDINATE

Out of His Action Has Grown a Scandal in the French Army.

Paris.—Judgment has just been given by a court martial sitting at Chalons-sur-Marne in the case of Brigadier Robin, of the Twenty-fifth artillery regiment, charged with various acts of revolting cruelty toward his subordinates.

The evidence proved that Robin tied up a gunner named Sonnet while he was asleep, and, after pushing him out of bed, attached the unfortunate man to a nail in the floor so that he could not move.

He then piled around him straw and paper to which he set fire, and finally extinguished the flames by deluging Sonnet with buckets of water.

Witnesses declare that Robin acted in this way in order to force men to gamble with him and buy him liquor. The brigadier admitted nearly all the charges and during the trial wept copiously. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

EASTERN MAIDEN WINS FORTUNE IN KLONDIKE.

Unattended She Spends Six Winters in Alaska, and Comes Out Rich in Gold.

Plainfield, Conn.—Miss Marie Reidselle is home again, and for miles around the country folk would like to know just what her six years in the Klondike have amounted to.

Miss Reidselle left her Hopeville farm in Mr. Geer's care six years ago and started, alone and unaided, for the gold fields of the Klondike. With 900 pounds of baggage and two dogs she followed the trail via Chilkoot Pass, and finally reached the Klondike. When the Cape Nome gold craze started Miss Reidselle, who had become known as the "Angel of Alaska," went there, and after staking out several claims hung out her card as a hygienic physician.



When Miss Reidselle suddenly arrived at her old home yesterday the rush to see her was great.

"I am home to rest," Miss Reidselle said. "I am tired of winters in cold Alaska. I have bought one of the most beautiful places in this town and expect to end my days here. I will not practice here for money, as I am able to live in peace and comfort without work, no matter how long I may live. I shall stay here a few days and then go away, but when I return here next year it will be to remain."

"I left Cape Nome on October 15 and spent a week at the New York friends." Before Miss Reidselle left Nome the richest claim ever discovered had been opened up at Little Creek, near Anvil. Thousands of dollars have been taken out there in one pan. Miss Reidselle has interests in several Cape Nome, Anvil and Little Creek claims.

Yette. A man who loved his secretly Would beg one from each man he met; He died one day And people say They think that he is smoking yette. —Chicago Chronicle.

Thoughts. "A penny for your thoughts, dear?" said the young girl who had just said "Yes."

"I'd give four dollars to know your father's without speaking to him," said the young man, with feeling. —Yonkers Statesman.

The Precocious Rhetorician. "Waldo, you mustn't eat any more pork. You are a perfect pig."

"I assume," said the Boston boy, "that is intended as a figure of metonymy, which substitutes the container for the thing contained." —Washington Star.

Forgot to Notice It. Girl with the Gibson Girl Neck—How did you enjoy the matinee?

Girl with the Julia Marlowe Dimple—Splendidly. I was with a bix party. Oh, while I think of it, what was the play? —Chicago Tribune.

Contrary to Her Experience. "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I wish I were a bookmaker."

"Why?"

"People seem so generous and good-natured about giving a bookmaker money." —Washington Star.

Pined for It. "You say you'd like to hear some music? Why I thought there was a piano and a mandolin and a cornet and a violin at your boarding house?"

"Yes, that's why I'd like some music." —Houston Post.

One of the Greatest Negro Enterprises of the Day.

DANVILLE, VA., November, 1904.

The Grand United Order of Seven Rising Sons of America, organized in the city of Danville, in the year of our Lord 1894, under the laws and rules of the State of Va., to care for the sick, bury the dead, to care for the widows and orphans, as long as the widows remain respectable.

The fundamental principles of this order, are based upon love, truth and charity, which are grand and elevating virtues promulgated by any secret organization in the United States. Yes, it is grand, and the plans and works are as good as any other, and the joining fees in a club are so small that the poorest of the laboring class of our race can join. Yes, it has been so fixed by the help of God, that any man or woman of good moral character, honest and sound in body and mind can join this grand and noble order.

Dear friend, will you not start now to begin to burn the light of wisdom? Let us have more love for each other, as Christ has commanded us, and let us be more truthful to our fellow men, yes, let our words to all men be yes, yes, and let us be more charitable to each other. These are the principles of the grand and noble order of the Seven Rising Sons of America.

Then why not join us and be men and women and stand together as a race and lay down plans for our children yet unborn? Knowing dear friends, we are just what we make ourselves. We as a colored race should make ourselves as creditable as any race, considering our chances, and if you will join this Grand United Order of the Seven Rising Sons of America, and live up to the three principles named and be true to your obligations, to stand firm, to help us carry the banner and let it float in the air until it reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, then we will be men and women who are working for the progress of our race, to lead them to as high a standard as life will afford, yes, not only will we be men and women, but in the time of sickness, we will be with you and take care of you and pay your dues promptly as long as you are sick, let it be twelve months or more. We will not cease to pay our dues, until your recovery or should you die, we will bury you and leave our sympathizing tears with the bereaved.

Is this all that we do? No. We also pay a handsome endowment, you will receive on becoming a member of this organization a policy good for one-half of its face value, and at the expiration of six months the policy is good for its full face value. Look and live, club fees are \$1.00 to join this Grand United Order of Seven Rising Sons of America, where we can sick and buried the dead and pay all endowments promptly, according to law and you cannot become non-beneficial when sick, for it never stops paying the members' dues. They are sick.

This order, so has a department for children to join. They have had a charter granted by the Supreme Grand Lodge together with by laws, rules and regulations for the government of their lodge. You can advance to higher degrees after joining this order at a small amount of cost. You can be a master worker if you will be you a man or woman. Wait no longer, but join now, and help hold up the banner of justice and right. Twenty members compose a club, but there can be less by corresponding with the Supreme Board of Directors or a law Deputy. Our joining fees are with the times and yet we pay larger sick benefits and never stop paying and give nice burials and larger death claims than any other order we know of in America. Read our plans carefully, and then seek admission and all we claim will be proven. "Together we stand divided we fall." Founders of this grand and noble order of Seven Rising Sons of America.

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She Made the Dumb Beast Obey.



Mrs. H. W. Robertson, THE ONLY LIVING SLATE WRITING MEDIUM AND CLAIRVOYANT, who can read from the sky. During the great show of the RINGLING BROTHERS in Vidalia, La., Samson one of the largest and oldest elephants in the world became unruly and killed nine men during the day. Mrs. Robertson was sent for. She influenced the elephant by holding a charring seal bone in her hand and speaking nine holy words to the beast and he obeyed.

Mrs. Robertson was born in Paris, France and had eight years of English schooling. She was born a fortune teller. No female on earth can do what she can do. She gives advice on law suits, divorces, marriages, love, notes, deeds, property, sickness, female troubles, bounties, pensions, trickery, evil spirits, cripples and blind affairs, hidden treasures, and lost and stolen articles.

This gifted woman is a friend to the poor. She is the seventh daughter of her parents and a mighty healer from birth. She blesses your home and makes bright your path forever and keeps your enemies behind you. The charming seal bone with which she works has been blessed and tested during the dark hours of midnight and was found mighty. She works from the dead and reads from the sky. Thousands of pretended mediums, fortune tellers, etc., have tried to imitate this wonderful medium but her equal cannot be found. She causes speedy marriages and has cured thousands who were blind, crippled and otherwise afflicted, for years. Yes, Lawyers, Doctors, Ministers, Bankers and other professional men of the earth have sought this gifted medium for advice. She should live forever.

She consulted over thirty thousand people in seven months. Friends, it will pay you to look around yourselves. Some one is crossing your path for bad luck, and working evil against you, not because you have harmed them but because your living is kept out of their sight and they are jealous of you.

She gives you a spiritual charm that will cause your enemies to love you, make you successful in business, cause your family to live happily forever, drive all evil from your path, cause you to save money and come into possession of property, cause you to gain back that which was stolen from you, cause the one that you love to love you until death, and cause whatever you want to come to pass. In fact, to make the dumb beast to love you. Her power excites the wonders. She is known all over the world as the queen of spiritual workers. Don't waste your time and money with frauds and still be left in the same or worse conditions as before, but consult this christian wonder, take her advice, and you will be wealthy and happy forever. Price for consultation is one dollar. Inclose \$1.00, a two cent stamp, and your name and address and your life will be sent to you by return mail. Write for other particulars. ADDRESS—

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